

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1921



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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Editorials

School Girl Friendships

Girls away from home face the problem of picking out of a large group of girls a few for particular friends. It is only natural that one type of girl will interest you more than another. But we need to learn to get acquainted with all kinds and types of girls. We know there are no snobs at Frances Shimer, but are we all good mixers? Do you speak to everyone on campus? Can you call all of them by name? If you didn't get acquainted at the "Who's Who Party" it's not too late to begin now. Don't go through the year without knowing this girl and that girl. Do you know everyone at your table? Surely you have something in common with each one of them; try to find out what it is. You may miss making a life-long friend by refusing to get acquainted.

After you are acquainted with everyone it is time to begin your close friendships. Every girl who spends a year at school without making one or two life-long friends has missed a very important part of her education. For surely true friends are an education. However, your choice of friends is not just accident. "Friendship is an attachment formed from natural esteem." Really, you find your friends, not make them. Make yourself worthy of a friend and be a good one; prove your worthiness by being always helpful. Robert Louis Stevenson says: "While a man has a friend, he is, I would say, almost indispensable." But don't think you can make friends without knowing everyone on campus first.

Pep

Who says we haven't pep at Frances Shimer? Speak up now, or forever hold your peace! No response? It is agreed then, that we have no lack of pep here—no lack, absolutely!

Why, just to prove it to you, let us recall that unusually live week—I don't exactly remember the date—called "frosh week." The College Sophs. arriving at the conclusion that something must be done to liven up our good old school, unfolded the brilliant idea which had long been budding in their noble midst, of hazing the frosh. They put it before the frosh, who, like the good sports they later proved to be, accepted the plan with the greatest of enthusiasm, commencing the performance of their tasks by displaying to public view a pair of ears on each frosh's head. No—that doesn't mean that they by some means or other acquired an extra pair of ears—they merely displayed the pair which they had for such a long time concealed. From that moment on, their time for the rest of the week was fully occupied by "buttoning," "giddaping," carrying and returning Sophs' laundry, wearing "pretzels," and things too numerous to mention. Again I mislead you. The frosh didn't wear things too numerous to mention, they performed them. Yes, indeed they did, and for their good sport, were presented at a big

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pep meeting at the close of frosh week with a boy cheer-leader (only a doll) to be handed down to each succeeding Freshman class.

But college isn't the only peppy part of F. S. S. There have been several clever disputes among Academy students regarding—you'd never guess whom—! Nebby! Ever heard of him before? He's that little gray elephant which the Seniors guard so carefully and which the Juniors are so overly anxious to obtain. We've all hazarded guesses as to his hiding place, and one Junior even suggested that he may have been taken to the dentist to have a wisdom tooth pulled, but unless elephants cut their wisdom teeth much earlier than is common among most animals (if they have wisdom teeth at all), Nebby is quite too young to go through that painful process as yet!

Why, everyone is just "bubbling over" with pep. It would be an endless, hopeless task to even try to cite the many instances in which F. S. S. has shown her pep—but it's here just the same, we'll all agree. Remember, "any old place is what you make it"—let us join together to give Frances Shimer the name of being a peppy school, ready to enter a thing with the greatest of vim and good spirit. It may not at present be evident to you just how you can accomplish this, but if you are always ready to undertake a thing, even at the last moment, and to give it your undivided and most enthusiastic support, you may rest assured that that thing will be a success. There are nameless ways, every day of the week, in which you can show your pep. Be a participant in everything, whether a sport, a study, or a social event—and assure yourself that you are either improving yourself or helping someone else in some way or other. Then, too, don't let your pep be only a temporary thing—make it enduring—reach a result which will long be remembered and make others wonder why they can't do the same!

Your Room Mate

Are you and your room-mate congenial, or do you merely tolerate each other? Perhaps your likes and dislikes are altogether different, and for that reason you think you can't possibly be happy together, and so you don't even try.

Do you think she is too noisy? When you stop to think about it, aren't you a bit too reserved to be like the average American school girl? Perhaps your room mate is naturally neat and likes to keep your room looking as nice as possible, while you are less particular. Help to keep things running smoothly by doing your share, and by following her good example. Perhaps you think that because she is not president of the class, or captain of the team, she is not worth your interest. But should that make any difference? Perhaps you have different friends. Make her friends your friends, and see how much more pleasant things will be.

Everyone has good and bad characteristics, and you should aim to see the good things about everyone, especially your room mate. See her faults, but not in an unpleasant way. Help her to overcome her bad hab-

its, and she will help you. Be kind and thoughtful always, but never to the point of cold politeness. That would only lead to too much formality, a thing which is very much out of place in a boarding school. Make of her a friend, and you will find that you have many common interests, and she will be proud to say that you are her room mate.

The End of the Passage

"I hate this old place and everybody in it—"

This explosion was made in front of Metcalf in a low but exasperated voice. Bobby Brookes had just had a half-hour conference with Miss Morrison. Little Peg Williams was too much disgusted with the world to express her feelings. Everybody was just determined to make a poor girl's life miserable and—a bright light came into her eyes.

"The cave, Bobby—you know the entrance clear at the end that nobody's ever been through. Let's go through that place! What do we care whether we live or die—now?"

"Peg, I'd rather die with you in that cave than be sent home."

And she started off before Peg had a chance to change her mind.

The two world-worn Juniors paused at the rim of the canyon.

"'Twould be kind of nice just to stay in Smith's Park, wouldn't it, Bob?" Peg mumbled, watching her footing. Her fellow explorer looked at her suspiciously.

The creek that flowed in front of the cave entrance looked black and sinister as they crossed the swinging bridge. The entrance was, for a moment, a hungry black dragon opening its great jaws to swallow them alive. Bob looked at Peg, but Peg just couldn't look at Bob. She stood like a snow image propped up against the bridge post.

"Shut your eyes; then you won't see when we get to the dark place." Bob whistled between clinched teeth as she grabbed poor Peg by the hand and made a dive into the cold darkness.

There the floor was covered with three inches of gooey mud, the air thick and heavy. They stopped a moment to take a deep breath. Bats flapped against their faces. Icy water dropping from above felt like knives pricking their heads and backs. Down on their knees they went, and slowly crawled on and on, down the tiny opening.

"It's the end right here, and here's the little hole!"

Peg looked up a little.

"Do you really think this is wise, Bob?"

But Bob was already neck and shoulders through the entrance and Peg was yanked after her with, "Ouch, what a little hole!"

On they went, heads low and all fours working in time, like a couple of imprisoned amphibians. The tunnel seemed to ascend a little; the floor felt drier; now they could stand upright. After a few rods the atmosphere was fresher—and the roof no longer leaked. Just as the Misses Juniors were getting confidence in themselves, and had stopped pawing madly at the walls for support—Bing!—they collided!

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It was not stone nor earth, but a great wooden door.

"B-B-Bob!"

"S-h-h-sh! It's—it's got a handle—and—and—feel—it opens!"

Through the doorway they saw a light down the corridor—a tiny red light. Under its gleam, tiles could be seen lining the floor and walls of a long tunnel.

The two girls advanced cautiously until they were directly under the light. They stared about blankly—no less than a dozen door ways were in view, each hung with a different-colored velvet portiere. It was all deadly quiet.

"We might as well go through the red one," suggested Bobby in a trembling voice. No! she wasn't afraid! As they were approaching it moved slightly; the two jumped like a couple of culprits.

"Guess the wind's blowing in there," whispered Peg as they moved back to the center of the corridor.

"I think the white—oh-h-h! what's that?" From a distance came the sound of fantastic music. Bob listened at the door-ways.

"Come on, Peg, it's in here." In they went, and followed the fitful yet joyful strain, down one tunnel, around a turn, and through another tunnel that descended.

Then—stop short—"Lookie!" Terror and incredulity were in that cry of Peg's. Through the parted curtains, they saw a large room brightly lighted, and hung with oriental rugs and silks. In the center of this rich room was a white ivory throne. On this there reposed in royal majesty a small grey velvet elephant. Squatting on the floor around him, and arranged behind the throne were dark-skinned men of India dressed in brilliant silken robes. Several played weird instruments while a lizard danced madly to their strain.

"Nebby!" yelled Bob, forgetting all in her eagerness to grab him.

Like a flash she was forced to kneel at the foot of the throne. Peg was thrust down beside her. The elephant arose with awful dignity, his eyes flashing. He tossed his velvety trunk back and forth in indignation.

"I am Nebuchadnezzar the Great! How dare you enter the forbidden palace?"

"Please, Nebby," said Bobby, very meek now, "We were only exploring. We didn't know you lived here."

"You shall not lie to the Great Nebuchadnezzar!" squeaked the elephant, stamping his foot in anger. "You are the boldest Juniors that ever lived. No one has ever dared to crawl through that narrow opening. For this I shall turn you into incense burners and forever you shall sit on Juniors' tables and report all that they say to me. Ah! What a punishment! You shall have it."

Peg and Bobby looked around them for mercy. The dark-skinned men were grinning like so many demons. Each had his hand on the knife in his sash.

"Please, Nebby!" the girls sobbed.

"Bah!" he snapped.

He lifted his staff to perform the horrible deed.

"Hold there, Nebb!" piped a shrill voice.

There in the middle of the room stood a little white mouse! The elephant fell backward over his throne, and was gone with one terrified squeal. Away went the attendants like magic.

"This way, Ladies," squeaked their white savior. In the footsteps of the white mouse Peg and Bobby, Juniors, were led to safety.

Today

Margaret Eastabrooks, Academy '22

Today is a new day,
Fair and bright;
Let us go rejoicing
In God's light.

School Life In Two Countries

Grace Wang, Academy '22

Before telling you my trip, I would like to tell you something about the school I went to. I came from McTyeire, a Mission School, which was established in 1880, in the central part of Shanghai, China. It is composed of twelve years' work; four in each department, such as primary, preparatory, and high school. Owing to the rapid increase of students, a piece of land which contains about sixty acres was bought from a private family. The air is cool and pleasant, the campus is just exquisite. We considered this school as our little paradise. Our daily outdoor activities are tennis, basketball, volley ball, and boating in our lotus pond.

We have Student Government which furnishes a good opportunity for us to show our abilities in self-government. Each class appoints two representatives as student counsels. The counsels make the rules and they are sent to the faculty to be ratified. They meet once a week with one of the faculty as their adviser. Everybody wants to get a hundred in her department, so that the self-government is very well kept.

Every spring, a week's trip to any mountainous place is given to the welfare of the botany and geology classes.

Besides our regular work, we have expression, music, art, and home economics departments. Under the expression and music departments, girls are asked to recite some pieces or give short plays in the Wightman Society which occurs twice a month. The object is to train girls to appear in ease before a big audience.

My two years' work in high school were very pleasant and successful. The further along we get in school, the more responsibilities we

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feel for our country. One of the Chinese proverbs says: "The rise and fall of a nation is the responsibility of every individual." As we all know the chief cause of China's weakness is lack of education, so we planned to open a school for the children and ignorant to get new fundamental ideas and a little education. The financial problem troubled us the most. Finally we decided to give a play named, "Every Woman", for three nights and one matinee. It was very successful. We earned five thousand dollars. A school was opened about sixty miles away from Shanghai. This school is under the supervision of one of our graduates, who goes there once a month for inspection. We have about sixty students now. Most of the girls spend one hour a day to teach the children and visit the families in the village near our school. This activity is done by classes. Every Sunday afternoon, there are Sunday schools for them. We never feel tired to teach them, because they are very interested in everything.

When I was still in school, I got a catalogue from my sister showing all the regulations and the history of this school. My ambition of coming abroad was buried in my mind, since I was very young. I consulted with my mother. She is very open-minded. She said: "I let you go, but you must remember that you are a representative of your school, family, and your country."

On the twelfth of August, the S. S. "China" took away one hundred and seventy young, ambitious Chinese from Shanghai, and sailed across the broad, deep, blue ocean to the Land of Democracy. The first part of our voyage was very rough, so lots of complaints were heard. After we traveled a week, the sea became very quiet and calm. There was nothing to break the stillness except some steamers passing occasionally. I just stood on the deck and gazed at it meditatively. It brought the mind back to "Home, Sweet Home." It recalled to memory one's childhood days, and it foretold of the bright future that still may come. I thought of the golden days that had gone by, and of the rosy dreams of the future, not yet present before my eyes. There in yonder horizon I could see the gulls taking their noonday trip in a leisurely style. For hours I stood there gazing into the distant ocean, until I was called to join an entertainment. Hours passed into days and days into weeks. On September 3, we reached San Francisco and stayed there for two days. Every day we took an auto ride for sight-seeing. We left for Chicago on September 5. I was very anxious to see my sister, so that every second seemed an hour to me all the way from San Francisco. At last I reached Chicago on September 8, and met my sister both with tears and joy. Two whole days were spent for shopping. On September 10, sister and I took the 4:15 train and reached my destination at 8:30 in the evening. Miss Darrow came and brought us here by a bus. I hurried to my room and had my things unpacked. Before long, some of the faculty came up, asking me to go down and join their party. I was nearly worn out, so that I didn't go. Yet I was greatly gratified to those

who came to see me.

The first thing that impresses me most is the hospitality of both teachers and students. You will never miss "Hello's" every day. Another thing which gives me inspiration is to see some girls working for their own income. I just admire those who have independent spirits. If McTyeire school could adopt this method, I am sure there would be more students than there are now. We have a few scholarships, but they are urged to turn back the money, if they ever get a chance to earn themselves. Everything here is systematic. Promptness is quite emphasized.

As I am the only Chinese here I must use my whole strength to represent my country, and at the same time to learn something that is really practical, so as to improve my country when I get back.

The Call of Autumn

Margaret Thompson, College '23

Can't you hear the outside callin',
 Can't you see the leaves a-fallin'.
 The leaves all yellow, brown and red?
 Can't you hear them under foot and over head?
 When you hear the wind a-blowin'
 Through the trees, like water flowin',
 Don't you want to jump and run,
 Even if your work's not done,
 And follow, follow where the wind's a-callin',
 Away where the leaves are fallin'?

Goblin

Ruth Birdsall, Academy '22

Hallowe'en is coming,
 And the goblins are all out;
 Watching all the naughty children,
 To see what they're about.

Witches fly on broomsticks,
 Through the autumn sky;
 Telling all their secrets,
 To the stars up high.

Every charm and every symbol,
 You must know and must obey;
 Or the goblins will be angry,
 And carry you away.

So be careful every minute
Lest the goblins find you out;
For they're very wise and tricky
And know what you're about.

Nebuchadnezzar

Helen Burgess, Academy '22

Oh, Nebuchadnezzar has come out of "West"
Of all the mascots old Nebby is best.
And save for his tusks, he weapon has none,
He lives all unharmed and he lives all alone.
The treasure of Seniors, the man of the hour,
The greatest of mascots, the one of all power.

So boldly he'll enter the Thanksgiving hall
'Mong Freshies, and Sophomores, Juniors and all—
So stately in form, majestic and cool
Gallant and worthy, the admired of the school;
While the Freshies shall fret and the Juniors
shall fume
Old Nebby'll calmly dangle his "plume."

Then there'll be hurrying of girls in our clan
And Nebby will leave as fast as he can;
There'll be raiding and chasing to capture our pet.
But Nebuchadnezzar they never shall get.
Have ye e'er heard of a mascot like this one of ours?
So faithful to Seniors and wise with his powers

The Mail's Come!

Corydon, Iowa, October 28, 1921.

DEAR EVERYBODY:

How happy I was, the other day, to receive in my mail a letter bearing the Mount Carroll post-mark, but imagine my consternation when on opening it I found it to be from Marge Smith requesting a letter for publication. Publication! Horror of horrors! However, Marge requested in such a splendid way, even calling my reply "a favor," that I could not flatly refuse. When anyone should term one such attempted literary effort a favor, I would have to exert every effort to express my gratitude.—but how should I proceed?

Immediately I searched through my old Records to find epistles from other dear departed. Alas! Hila Jalbert's carefully penned word pictures and Loucile Whitman's correct punctuation and English rewarded my search. They filled me with an overpowering hopelessness. I glanced through Marge's letter. This sentence, "In the letter just be yourself," met my eye. Now of course Marge didn't know what she was doing.

You'll have to forgive her on those grounds. It might have been that with the aid of Horatio Alger, or A. Conan Doyle, this would have terminated in an interesting narrative; as it is, gentle readers, I guess you're doomed to read what follows or skip a page. (The latter I would advise you to do).

For one thing, spelling doesn't worry me. This morning one of my eighth grade boys wrote, in English, a letter to a neighboring town inviting their team to match ours in "futbol" and I recognized the word as misspelled. Since that time I have been passably sure of myself.

There is neither gorgeous scenery nor unusual vegetation to describe in this land "where the tall corn grows," and the natives of my village are of much the same type as you would see on any Mt. Carroll street. It is in Junior High that you find endless diversion. I do not have the pleasure, as did Blanche Fuller, of stirring the Melting Pot, but by some hook or crook my young Americans contrive to keep me in a "stew" the greater part of the time. They all have lovable traits though, and I'm beginning to get accustomed to having someone ask a perfectly foolish question about the topic that I've hammered on day after day. My only hope is that I can send them on with some foundation for next year's work. It is quite gratifying to be called Miss Walker, and to be asked for advice. It is also rather consoling to have a bank account and hearty "Good Mornings" from your friends.

Next week three of us are presenting a one-act play "The Bank Account" at the Tuesday Club. The same week I am to be initiated into the P. E. O.'s I shall enjoy both very much.

It is pleasant to be at home, but I do miss everything savoring of F. S. S. Almost every day I picture the dark outline of the pines and of the dome on Metcalf, as I saw it evenings for two years. I sometimes see the pines when the snow has weighted them down; then I skip to chapel and hear Miss Schuster playing the hymns; after that I'm at the Christmas party—yes, even this early in the season. I wish I had more time to revel in the past. The reality of the present always calls me too soon to an arithmetic explanation, or to the rubber hose. (I administer both lavishly). Yes, I miss you all very very much. I'm sure I shan't like Chicago or wherever I go next year half so well. I can hardly wait for our reunion in '26. I'm not a bit progressive. I want everything to look just as I left it. (Don't let them change it a lot, Dean McKee).

Since it's nearing the hour when all pedagogues should be in bed, I think I'd better close. I send my best wishes to all F. S. S., present and past.

Mildred Walker.

The Student Body

The student body of the Frances Shimer School numbers one hundred twenty-two resident pupils enrolled this fall, seventy-three of whom are new girls. Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Vermont, Kansas, North

Dakota, Washington, Michigan, Tennessee, Nebraska, California, Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, Colorado, and China are each represented in this body. The College Freshman class, which is the largest, is chiefly made up of new girls. The Academy and College are pretty evenly balanced in numbers, the Academy having only fourteen more students than the College has.

The New Members of the Faculty

The new members of the faculty include Miss Brown, Miss Carlock, Miss Neale, Miss Oberheim, Miss Leonard, and Miss Weeks. Miss Brown, science teacher, is from Boston. She graduated from Mount Holyoke College and later went to the University of Chicago, from which she comes to Frances Shimer. Miss Carlock's home is in Mechanicsburg, Illinois. She went to the University of Wisconsin, coming directly here as physical director. Miss Carlock when interviewed said, "Mount Carroll is a hard place to get to, but the buildings of the School certainly are beautiful, the faculty is so cordial, and the girls are lovely." Miss Neale, who teaches English, is from Fort Calhoun, Nebraska. After graduating from the University of Nebraska she went to the University of Chicago where she obtained a higher degree. Miss Neale said that she was impressed with the friendliness of spirit, and the beauty of the surroundings of Frances Shimer. Miss Oberheim, the librarian, is from Mount Carroll, and is a graduate of Frances Shimer. She obtained her degree from the University of Wisconsin, then returned again to Frances Shimer as librarian. Miss Leonard, another science teacher, comes from Rantoul, Illinois. She graduated from the University of Illinois, and from there came to Frances Shimer. Miss Weeks's home is in Racine, Wisconsin. She came here as the accountant after graduating from the University of Chicago. Both Miss Leonard and Miss Weeks expressed to the reporter their liking for the School.

The "Who's Who" Party

The "Who's Who" party, given Saturday, September 10, was a great success. At seven-thirty the guests began to arrive. Every old girl had one, two, or three new girls to take care of and to introduce. Several games were played, interesting ones, that were simple and yet helped everyone to know everyone else. After the games, Genevieve Freeman played a piano selection. Then Genevieve and Charlotte Hageman played a piano and violin duet. By the applause, everyone must have enjoyed both selections very much. Later, ice cream and wafers were served by members of the Y. W. C. A. All in all, it was a most enjoyable and successful evening. The new girls were so responsive and entered into the spirit of the evening so thoroughly, and the old girls tried so hard to make everything pleasant for the new girls that I doubt if there was a single homesick person when the party ended. We owe the School and

the Y. W. C. A., who managed the evening, many thanks for the enjoyable party.

Sunday Night Vespers, September 11

Miss Morrison had the first Vesper service.

The new girls usually know nothing about the life of the founder of Frances Shimer School, and, of course, the story is always interesting to the old girls, so that Miss Morrison told again the romantic history of Mrs. Shimer's life. She began the story with incidents which happened when Mrs. Shimer was not more than three years old. From then on one could not help admiring the courage and pluck which pushed this wonderful woman to her goal, that of making our school what it is today. Miss Morrison impressed us all with the fact that under Mrs. Shimer's business-like mask of seeming relentlessness there burned a strong love for her fellow-men and a desire to be loved and to be friendly with everyone.

The Frances Shimer chorus sang and helped us learn the "Frances Shimer Alma Mater," a song which the entire school will soon know.

The Y. M. C. A. Party

Saturday evening, September seventeenth, the faculty and students were invited to a "lotta fun" party given by the Y. W. C. A. in the gym at seven-thirty. We all danced and played games under Miss Carlock's direction, after which we were served huge handfuls of popcorn—all we could possibly eat. Everyone of us had a good time.

Sunday Night Vespers, September 18

The second Vesper service of the year was led by the Y. W. C. A., with Myrtle Hall acting as chairman. After the singing of two hymns and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, Charlotte Hageman, accompanied by Genevieve Freeman, rendered a violin solo. Then the scripture was read, followed by the Y. W. C. A. hymn which was sung by the Frances Shimer chorus. Mary Dudley then told us some of the things the Y. W. C. A. stands for and why the association is teaching others to uphold the same ideals. Martha Hurd explained the work of the association in various fields outside of Frances Shimer, while Mary Lohr finished by showing what a great deal the three main branches of this organization, social, philanthropic, and religious have to do with the happiness of those here in school. Another hymn was sung and the benediction was pronounced.

The Marshmallow Roast

Saturday, September twenty-fourth, was the day of all days for class picnics and for the long-delayed marshmallow roast. About eight o'clock

the tired picnickers gathered around a huge bonfire blazing in front of College Hall and took turns roasting snowy marshmallows till they turned to a rich, luscious brown. A big basket of popcorn was soon emptied of its contents, also. Then the girls, forming a large circle around the glowing coals of the dying fire, sang all the old songs which they could remember. The nine-thirty bell, as per usual, ended the fun and sent everyone scattering to her room, wishing that another such good time was in store for her soon.

Sunday Night Vespers, September 25

Miss Pollard had charge of this Sunday's Vesper service. After we had sung several hymns, she told us a little about sororities in general and their work in the world. Then she told us more in detail about the school in which she herself taught for three years which was established by her own college sorority, in the mountains forty-five miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. This county had the fewest number of schools for the population of children in the United States. The "Mountain Whites" still are in great need of a good means of education. Miss Pollard told several stories which showed their condition. The people are, for the most part, very poor, and on account of their poverty and the great distances between themselves and civilization the necessary things of life are often lacking. Miss Pollard ended her interesting talk by making a plea to us to do all we can to further such education for those needy people, even by entering some branch of this work in a personal way.

Vespers in Town, October 2

This Sunday it was decided that instead of having our regular Vesper service here, the whole school should attend evening service at the Baptist church in town in order to hear Dr. Baker of Chicago speak. His sermon dealt with the disarmament of nations. His main point was that if we wish disarmament we must start by thinking and planning peace among our families, communities, towns, states, and finally among nations. He said that until the competition in everything ceased from small affairs at home and the selfish ambition of individuals to the business world, there were no hopes of establishing a perfect world fellowship. Another obstacle which must be considered is that of race antagonism. It is the constant struggle between the white, yellow, black and red races which keeps many wars raging on through the centuries.

This sermon sent many people home with food for thought and a new determination to do all in their power to help the cause of peace.

Movies

We have had two movies this year, one the Wednesday following our arrival and the other October 8.

"Down to Earth" was our first one, showing a winsome heroine and "Doug." for the hero. We went through many exciting experiences with him, and finally saw the heroine safely in his arms.

Our other picture gave us William S. Hart in "O'Malley of the Mounted," a Western story full of thrills and good-looking men. This picture also came up to our highest expectations so that we went home entirely satisfied.

Vespers, October 9

Miss Walker, who led the Vesper service, read us parts from Henry Drummond's essay, "The Greatest Thing in the World." According to the author the greatest thing in life is Love. Love makes itself felt in every phase of our every day life. Love is the root of all virtue, of every act of kindness, unselfishness, forbearance, self-control in regard both to one's temper and one's indulgence in forbidden pleasures, loyalty and honor, honesty, and a score of others. Love is the foundation of all that is good and true. Without it no one can be really happy no matter how much of this world's goods he may possess.

A Saturday Night's Entertainment

At dinner Saturday evening, October fifteenth, there was doubt whether or not there was to be any Diversion Club Subscription Dance, as the Events Program had announced. None of the officers of the Club of last year was back and there were no new ones elected. No one had arranged for music, no one had collected any money, and it seemed as if there were to be no Subscription Dance.

A little later in the evening two College Sophomores knocked at our door and asked us to come over to College Hall to an informal dance. We went over immediately and found nearly everyone there. We followed out the dance programs that we had filled out for the Subscription Dance. The girls who play the piano were very good about giving up their dances to play so that the rest of us could dance. Towards the end of the evening Mr. Whitfield, who was here visiting his daughter over the week-end, sang three solos for us. We all enjoyed them very much.

The credit for the success of the evening should be given to the College Sophomores, who on the spur of the moment acted as hostesses.

Vespers, October 6

Vespers this evening was conducted by Miss Smith. After hymns, responsive reading and prayer, Miss Smith spoke on the subject of "Words"; fitly spoken words, words that are cheerful, words well chosen, and kindly said. She compared words to golden apples, giving the quotation that words fitly spoken are as golden apples in a picture of

silver. In ancient times apples were very rare and consequently highly prized; thus beautiful words were compared to apples of gold. Miss Smith went on to say that words, like people, become known by the company they keep. Many good expressions lose their good meaning by constant use, and especially by use in the wrong way, till they sometimes must be dropped entirely. Miss Smith made the girls realize how necessary good and fitting speech is to the girl of today, and how it is the mark of a cultivated person.

The Lanark Hike

"I'm just soaked!"

"Look at my shoes!"

These and similar exclamations, punctuated by the steady drip, drip of water, marked the finish of the Lanark hike and the return of fifteen F. S. S. girls and their chaperone, Miss Brown, all in a very bedraggled condition.

The Lanark hike had begun much the same as all other hikes—the assembly at West Hall; the walk to the station, with Mike as escort; the brief and uneventful train ride; the arrival at Lanark and the immediate setting forth on the homeward journey. The outskirts of the town had just been passed when Mr. Jupiter Pluvius decided to join the merry party, making known his intentions first with a few warning drops, later with a steady downpour, and finally with a veritable deluge. The order of the day soon became "one step forward, slide back two," as the girls traversed the unpaved road. The hikers trudged on over the miles that lie between Lanark and Mount Carroll. But though their spirits remained undampened and not one complaint was uttered, the most welcome sight their eyes beheld that day was the tower of Metcalf looming up against the rain clouds.

The First Savanna Hike

Long before the list was posted for the Savanna hike on October 17, there were eager plans being made by all who expected to go. When the day came twenty girls, chaperoned by Miss Weeks and Miss Carlock, set out for the station where they caught the train for Savanna. Of course, the first thing to do there was to appease their hunger at the best restaurant in town and to top off the dinner with a marvelous ice cream concoction. Although the sky had grown very dark and had even shed a few tears everyone set out on the ten-mile tramp home with gay hearts. But before five blocks had been covered the rain came down in earnest and the hikers were obliged to take refuge on a friendly porch near by. As the storm refused to lift an inch all afternoon, enough money was collected to hire a Ford delivery truck to convey the shipwrecked mariners back to F. S. S. In this slightly damp bus the twenty

adventurers packed themselves and started this time for keeps. Suddenly, when nearly half way home, the car slid in the heavy clay road and stopped. One after another the girls jumped out, each landing in the same deep puddle of muddy water. The chains were put on and the bus was pushed back into the main track. Some time later a tired, mud-bedraggled group of girls, still happy and all declaring that the hike had been a great success, crawled out of the loyal old Ford and into their respective rooms.

Chapel Talk

Wednesday morning, October nineteenth, Miss Glee Hastings of Spencer, Iowa, talked in Chapel on her work in the Near East. She expressed pleasure at being at Frances Shimer again. Miss Hastings has spent happy years here both in the capacity of a student and a teacher. November third she sailed for Constantinople to resume her work.

Miss Hastings has charge of ten thousand orphans who are distributed in forty orphanages in the city of Constantinople. These children are of many nationalities: Armenian, Greek, Assyrian, Russian, and others from the Black Sea. They range in age from four to fourteen. While they are in the orphanages the Relief organization endeavors to teach them a trade so that they can earn their own living. Miss Hastings said that the work is seriously handicapped by lack of funds to equip the orphanage; in fact the children are malnourished all the time because well-balanced rations cannot be provided, due to the fact that there is not money enough. She said that one great need was for toys and materials for handicraft work in the trachoma hospitals. The children there cannot play out of doors or read on account of their eyes, and they ought to have something to do.

Conditions have been somewhat improved in Constantinople since the British have occupied the city, but right now there are approximately five hundred thousand refugees in Constantinople. They have no homes, no jobs, and little food. Hundreds will perish this winter. The orphanages are all filled. Miss Hastings depicted vividly the terrible suffering that the children were going through by describing specific cases of a few children who came to the orphanages.

The Near East Relief Unit is dependent almost entirely upon contributions from America and is trusting us for help through the coming winter. We Frances Shimer girls, after hearing Miss Hastings' enthusiastic speech, were fired with zeal to do our part.

The Faculty Tea

Friday afternoon, October 21, from four to five o'clock, the Academy Cooking Class entertained the faculty at tea. Each girl was responsible for a certain part of the work or entertainment. The after-

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noon was enjoyed by the guests and the class only wished that the few absent members of the faculty might have been present. This has been the first time this year that a cooking class has entertained in such a way.

Vespers, October 23

The Vesper service was turned over to the members of the Y. W. C. A. who attended the Geneva Conference last summer: Elizabeth Jackson, Wanda Evans, and Miss Lamb. They gave very interesting reports of the conference, telling about the girls who represented the many different Y. W. C. A.'s, the daily routine, the classes, the sports.

Every year Frances Shimer sends several delegates, and this year a faculty member from the Advisory Board was chosen to attend also. The conference, representing as it does so many organizations, is a great help and inspiration to those who come back to put into practice in their own organizations some of its most profitable teachings.

Stop--Look--And Take Notice All Ye Faithful to Athletics

The enthusiasm for tennis this fall has been very great and the tournament a success. Another clay court has been added which has proved very beneficial, thanks to the Athletic Association.

There has also been a golf tournament. This is the first time we have ever had one in the fall. The high scores have been diminishing, so that now we look about and see ourselves among some real golf players. However, the serious tennis and golf tournaments come in the spring, so that these are only the preliminaries.

Golf and tennis have not been our only out-door interests. Hiking has never proved so successful before. There have been numerous five-mile hikes, one ten-mile hike to Lanark, and one fifteen-mile hike to the Mississippi River, at Savanna.

Our first indoor sport, captain ball, has been entered into with all the pep we have. There was an arrangement of color teams which proved very satisfactory, ending with games between all the teams. Many games had very close scores, which made it all the more exciting. It will indeed be a difficult task to select the final teams this year because there are so many good players for the same position. The big captain ball game of the year is the one at Thanksgiving, Academy vs. College. After captain ball is over basketball will start.

Here's to the pep of the F. S. S. girls.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet which was formed last spring lost several members during vacation. Their places have been filled, so that the

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Cabinet now consists of the following persons: President, Elizabeth Jackson; Vice-President, Edith May Whitfield; Secretary, Monica Wells, Treasurer, Maybelle Cubbon; and the chairman of the Social Committee, Alice Winston; the chairman of the Social Service Committee, Mildred Bodach; the chairman of the Religious Education Committee, Wanda Evans, and the chairman of the Religious Services Committee, Helen Miller. The Vice-President is regularly chairman of the Membership Committee; the Secretary is chairman of the Publicity Committee, and the Treasurer chairman of the Finance Committee. Miss Smith, chairman of the Advisory Board, which is a faculty group chosen by the girls to assist in the work, is also a member of the Cabinet.

The Association has been busy since started, having conducted two Vesper services, and having acted as hostesses for the School's "Who's Who" party, and given a party of its own to the student body. This last party is traditionally held out of doors, but this year dampness drove us to the gymnasium. Besides these enterprises the Association has finished its membership canvass, securing a members almost all of the girls, and has organized six Bible classes which meet weekly, and every Sunday afternoon holds a meeting in its own rooms in West Hall.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

The Sophomore class is the biggest and best that has ever taken leave of this old school. All the girls are "old," and full of enthusiasm. They started their organization out right by choosing Miss Hostetter for Counselor. Everyone extends congratulations, and the Sophomores feel mighty proud that she accepted. Marjorie Smith was elected President; Helen Patton, Vice President; Mary Lohr, Secretary, and Frances Zangle, Treasurer.

A reception in honor of Miss Hostetter was held in College Hall dining-room, September 23. Miss Morrison was a guest of honor. The Sophs. in the role of K. M.'s served cakes, ice cream, and candy worth mentioning.

When open night came around the class showed their spirit by giving a picnic that was really "fun".

Their sister class, the Seniors, joined them in yells and toasts. Sisters could never be more praiseful and friendly.

At the end of "frosh week," the Sophomores gave a nine o'clock party to the Freshmen. Didn't the Freshmen deserve it? They certainly did! Mr. Peter Pep was the honored guest of this party. He was created by the Sophs. and presented to the Freshmen in appreciation of their attitude through the preceding week of trial.

Watch for the Sophs.' next move! They will appear en masse again before long.

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College Freshmen

At the first meeting of the Freshman class, held in College Hall parlor, September 18, the following officers were elected: Helen Miller, President; Esther Peterson, Vice-President; Shirley Deen, Secretary, and Dorothy Sorenson, Treasurer. The girls chose Miss Neale as Counselor. The leaders of a class represent its spirit, and we are confident that the class of College Freshmen will be the "best ever". Orchid and pale green are class colors, and the motto: "The elevator to success is closed; climb the stairs."

On October 1, the Freshmen enjoyed a hike to Point Rock. Both Miss Neale and Miss Willis proved jolly chaperones. Wiener sandwiches, cookies, pickles, and hot coffee satisfied ravenous appetites, and everyone agreed that the affair was a real picnic.

"Hazing commenced October 3, and the week of hilarious servitude terminated in a delightful party which was given by that class whose name we still pronounce with awe and reverence, COLLEGE SOPHOMORES. On this memorable evening we were introduced to Peter Pep; and because his pleasing personality is so contagious we feel that surely the spirit of the pert little man will follow us all the days of our lives and we shall continue to shout Peter Pep praises for ever and ever.

Academy Seniors

A Senior meeting was called on September twenty-first at which the following officers were elected: Mildred Bodach, President; Mary Dudley, Vice-President; Marian Crane, Secretary, and Ruth King, Treasurer. Miss Pierson has kindly consented, as Counselor, to guide us through the year. The Daffodil has been adopted as the class flower and black and yellow as class colors.

The Seniors have had two steak frys, one on October first and the other on October twenty-second. The woods near the Old Ladies' Home served as their camping spot both times. Every Senior will testify that Miss Pierson knows what hungry girls like most for picnics. When they got home from the second of these "fun and feed" picnics, it was discovered that some naughty little Juniors had felt too indisposed to go far for a picnic, and so they had had one in Hathaway. The Seniors would never turn a poor Junior away hungry, so here's a word: "Next time, if you're hungry, don't hesitate to eat apple, core and all." And here's another: "You forgot to look in 'Birdie's' thimble for Nebuchadnezzar; better come back again."

Academy Juniors

We, the Junior class of nineteen hundred twenty-one, consisting of twenty members, have recently elected the following officers:
Miss Carlock—Chief Counselor.

Miss Weeks—Assistant Counselor.

Beth McCallum—President.

Alice Winston—Vice-President.

Carol Johnson—Secretary.

Dorothea von Oven—Treasurer.

Leona Masor—Pep Leader.

On Saturday, October the second, the Junior class had its first picnic, hiking to Point Rock, about a mile from school. Everyone enjoyed herself, for the weather was lovely, and everyone was in good spirits, especially after we had toasted weenies, (to say nothing of our faces), and had eaten buns, pickles, cookies, and oranges. After some time spent in playing games, we marched home to the tune of both tongues and feet, arriving at school about seven o'clock.

We wish to thank Miss Carlock and Miss Weeks who made it possible for us to have such a good time.

Academy Sophomores

On Tuesday, September 18, we, the Sopohomores, held our first meeting and elected the following officers: Miss Lamb as our Counselor, Melba Marshall, President; Evelyn Garvey, Vice-President, and Della Hinshaw, Secretary and Treasurer.

On October 2, we held our class picnic back of the Old Ladies' Home. Weenies, pickles, buns, hot cocoa, made our camp fire, and pies were our menu. Aside from our running across a snake in the immediate territory, everything went favorably.

Then on Sunday evening, October 9, Miss Lamb entertained us quite royally with a spread. Such fruit salad we never before tasted; then playing "questions and answers" kept us in a gale of merriment. We certainly thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and we hope Miss Lamb did too.

Academy Freshmen

The Academy Freshman class held its first meeting September 17, and elected officers as follows:

President—Martha Barnhart.

Vice-President—Helen Telfer.

Secretary—Ethel Powell.

Treasurer—Florence Dillingham.

We were unanimous in our desire to have Miss Gillard for our Class Counselor, and had the good fortune of having our wish granted.

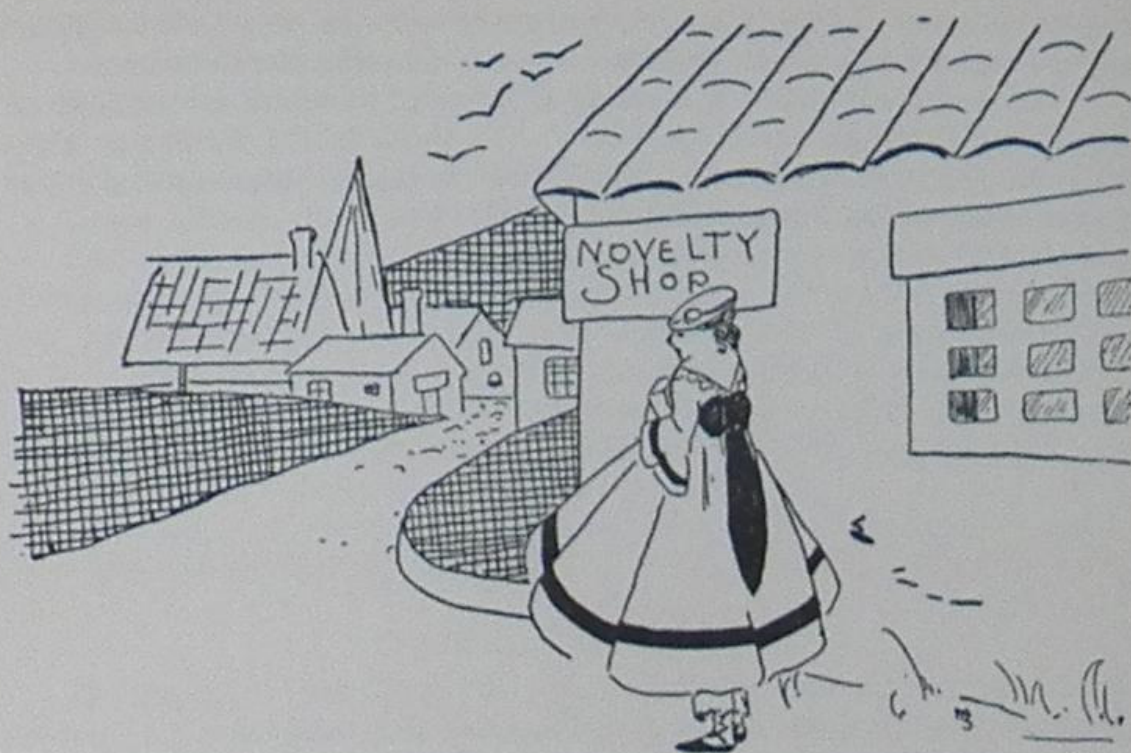
We had a class picnic September 26; taking our dinner with us, we walked to a lovely spot, a short distance from the Old Ladies' Home. We cooked steak, made tea, and had many good things to eat. But best of all, we each had an "Oh Henry" given to us by our Counselor. We ended the happily spent day by giving school cheers and singing school songs.

Miss Gillard gave a spread for the Freshman class, at which we were

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served as much fudge as we could possibly eat, and then some! We all agreed that we had shown excellent taste in choosing our Counselor.

The President called a meeting October 5, at which we decided on green and black as our class colors. All those in the Freshman class have decided to do the best we possibly can to make these beautiful colors a real credit to the Frances Shimer School.



Elizabeth Briggs had the affliction of hiccoughs during English class and when asked by Miss Smith if she would like to get some water, replied, "(Hic) I've been drinking all day."

Myrtle: My! You're tall, Annis.

Annis: I'd be a lot taller if there weren't so much turned under for my feet.

?

Of what is Melba Marshall?
 Why is Evelyn Black?
 Whose sheep does Martha Hurd?
 Of what country is Bill Kizer?
 Of what college is Alice Dean?
 Why does Evea Cook?
 Why did Martha Skinner?
 Of what people is Ruth King?

DIRECTIONS TO JUNIORS IN HUNTING NEBBY

Go out the back door of West and climb a tree. Then swing from tree to tree till you get to Science. Walk from Science Hall up the sidewalk to the front door of Hathaway. Crouch at one side of the door until some Senior comes out and then chloroform her and rush into the door. Next chloroform all remaining Seniors, tie them up in a sack, and drop them out of a third-floor window. Look under all blotters and especially under all nailfiles. Use rubber gloves so that you cannot be traced through finger prints. After you have finished, pick up the remains of

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the Seniors and put the right pieces in the right room. You are now safe. Nobody will suspect that you have been looking for him.

Margaret Eastabrooks, on arriving at Lanark: Don't hurry! You know the train stops at both ends.

It is comfortable to go to bed on bells? Elizabeth Jackson said she did.

TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO

Louise Burnnell—"Oh Me! Oh My!"

Annis Daly—"Whispering."

Gail Hubbell—"Jazz Baby."

Priscilla Kizer—"I Used to Love You."

Wanda Evans—"Freckles."

Helen Hardy—"My Man."

Marion Hopkins—"Moonlight."

Grace Wong—"Chong."

Laura Frazier—"All She Said was Umh Hum!"

Della Hinshaw—"Smiles."

Esther Peterson—"K-K-K-Katy."

Everybody—"Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!"

To is or not to was, that is the ask.

First Student: "Do you know Miss Ting at college?"

Second Student: "Well, rather! We sleep in the same History class."

A POCKET DICTIONARY—

The first week of school: Double, double, toil and trouble.

Blues: General feeling on Sunday night.

A Hike: The longest distance between two points.

Crush: Synonymous with adhesive tape.

Exam: An epidemic which seizes all teachers.

Home: A place heard of but seldom seen.

Loafing: Our one perfect achievement.

A Vacancy: Space below hair, above neck and between ears.

Privilege: Refer to Webster.

Annis: "Now, if I'd fall down I'd be half way home."

THE SCHOOL SPIRIT!—

Oh why were fat people invented?
I rave and I moan and I sigh—
I yearn, I implore, I bewail fate—
I'll be corpulent now till I die.

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My only bright wish is the future
In hoping that angels aren't fat,
For then I shall feel free and equal—
And yet, I've my doubts about that.

Midge Bodach: I'm a little stiff from Captain ball.
New Girl: Where did you say you were from?

Ruth Cornelius, translating in French class: Then Mr. Perrichon
put his head around the door.

"I WITH I WERE A LITTLE MOUTH"

Could we be a mouse in a corner,
In Faculty Parlor some day,
I'm sure we'd have a lot of fun,
Over what our teachers say.

"For Pat's sake," says our shy Miss Brown,
"Whassa matter?" asks Miss Neale.
"There ain't no mail at all for me.
Do you call it a square deal?"

With an optimistic grin on her face,
Miss Pollard answers, "Gee!
That's nothing to some of the beastly things
That happen to little me.

"This morning I put my chewing gum
Beneath my office chair,
And when I went to get it
By Jove, it wasn't there!"

"What gets my goat," says May B.
"Is the way the girls use slang.
If they'd be a bit original,
I wouldn't give a hang."

"My dear," said little Cleo Lamb.
"I'm simply overcome!
I've got a letter from my crush,
But of this you must keep mum."

"Have you learned the latest dance step?
It's clever as can be!"
(This from our dear Miss Pierson)
"It's this way—one, two, three!"

But we can't be a mouse in the corner,
Or a rug upon the floor,
So we'll always remain on the other side
Of Faculty Parlor door.

The Scattered Family

The faculty of the Lyceum Arts Conservatory of Chicago, as printed in the current catalogue, contains the name of Jeanne Boyd, '09 and '10, as Instructor in Piano, Theory, and Musical Interpretation.

Miss Richey, former Instructor in Voice in Frances Shimer, is teaching in Grand Forks, N. D.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wiese (Ruth Hastings, '15) are located at 65 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, N. W. Dr. Wiese is an interne in one of the large hospitals in New York City.

Libbie Phillipson, College '16, writes of meeting Clara and Hertha Fulscher, during the summer on one of the mountain drives in Estes Park, Colorado.

Marian Pullman, '19-'21, is finishing her high school course in Hollywood, Cal.

Lorena Ottson, '20-'21, is attending high school in Clinton, Iowa.

Theo Cratty Aya, '01, is making a successful recovery from a recent operation at the hospital in Rochester, Minn. She resides in La Pine, Oregon.

Greetings have been received from Katherine Mastin Miller, '91-'93, She resides at 2751 Frances Ave., Los Angeles, California. She has one son, Richard, age 14.

Mary Hazelton Orcutt, '02, resides in Demarest, New Jersey, where her husband is in business. She is the proud mother of two small sons, six and four years old.

Nellie Foster, '97, teaches Domestic Art in the State School for Girls, Lancaster, Mass. Incidentally, as director of pageantry, she stages many plays and also trains a large chorus.

Mary D. Miles, '98, and Helen Miles Strickler, '10, spent the summer traveling in Europe.

Melissa Kingsley, College '20, is teaching in the public schools of Lennox, South Dakota.

Bertha Corbett, College '16, and Zella Corbett, College '10, are teaching in the Mt. Carroll Community High School.

Marcella Meeske, '18-'20, visited Dorothy Fullerton, '18-'19, during the summer. Dorothy is teaching in a kindergarten connected with a settlement in New York.

Miss Heuse, Faculty '16-'18, is still unable to resume her teaching, but is better than when she left Port Arthur. She is now living with her Family at San Diego, California.

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Elsie Smith, '19, is a stenographer in a law office in Chicago and studying interior decoration.

Helene Holloway, '18, is in charge of the advertising of a department store in South Bend, Indiana.

Edgar Brigrance, '19-'20, is now attending the preparatory department of Yankton College.

Helen Chapman, '21, writes from Auburndale, Massachusetts, "I find Lasell very fine and I am decidedly happy. I am taking interesting courses and just enough to keep me busy and yet give me some time to take advantage of the country round about, which has many things of interest.

Louise Featherstone, '19, passed the examination of the College Entrance Board in June, and joined the contingent of Frances Shimer girls at Smith College in September.

Wilma Slack, College '18-'19, was recently elected president of her Sorority at Ft. Collins, Col. She was also one of a team that won a debate for the college from the University of Wyoming, and took the part of the Queen in Hamlet which the college dramatic club presented recently.

Berneda Pierson Frackelton, College '13-'14, of Flint, Michigan, is recovering from a serious automobile accident.

Madeline Sloan, College '15, continues her work as Director of Domestic Arts, in Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago.

Frances Schmidt, College '13-'14, writes: "As for my own history I shall be brief. After graduating from Shorter College in Rome, Ga. in 1917 I took the social service course at Simmons College in Boston, and graduated from the School of Social work. For two and a half years I have been with the Illinois Children's Home & Aid Society in several capacities. At present I am Director of the Aid Dept. and have had a mighty good time with the work, tho no one would call it an easy task."

Eloise Jeffrey, College '18, writes: "The Record came a few days ago and you may be sure I read it from cover to cover, beginning at the back. Do you want to know why I read Chinese fashion? Because The Scattered Family is at the back of the book."

The Chicago Association gave a luncheon in the tea room of Carson, Pirie on Saturday, March 5. At a business meeting which followed, Libbie Phillipson was elected President and Clara Wenzler Secretary of the Association. The following guests were present: Libbie Phillipson, Janet Tarrson, Ruth Miles, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Frances Schmidt, Agnes Prentice, Clara Wenzler, Harriett Halderman Webb, Nora Turnbaugh, Marion Schroeder, Blanche Skudera, Harrett Lee, Hortense Mandl, Margaret Powell, Mary Calkins Chassell, Madlein Sloan, Claire Seybold, Beatrice Brown, Gertrude Thurston, Jeanette Mautner, Eloise Jeffrey, Ethel Eldredge, Geraldine Hegert, Thelma Fox.

Mary Emily Merritt Stratton, College '12, of Duluth, spent a few days at the School in May.

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The Record acknowledges receipt of the graduate recital program of Mary Fishburn, College '19, of the class of '21 in the New England Conservatory. Upon her entrance to the Conservatory two years ago, Miss Fishburn was one of 15 selected from 75 candidates for the Soloists.

Conventry Platt, who graduated in June from the University of Chicago, presented the official copy of the Cap and Gown, the University year book, to the representative of the Junior class. Miss Platt is a member of the Mortar Board Club, and during the year was chairman of the reception committee of Senior Class.

Dorothy Schindel is now Mrs. Marvin Wright, and resides at 1522 Washington Ave. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Beth Newcome Christensen, '11, sends her address so that her Frances Shimer friends visiting Florida may find her at "Cobblehurst", Australian Avenue, Palm Beach.

Eloise Jeffrey, College '18, sends greetings from Catalina Island, during her recent tour of California.

Joyce Gardner, '17-'19, sailed for her former home in Sussex, England, where she joined her mother, who had returned some months before, because of ill health.

Celestine Dahmen, '16, writes from New York of meeting Ann Grimes, College '12, Marie Melgaard, College '15, and also Constance Sargent, '15, as the latter was on her way to Europe in June.

The American Journal of Psychology for July, 1921, contains a dissertation entitled "A Study in Logical Memory" presented to the Graduate School of the University of Michigan by Sarah Mackay Austen, '02, in fulfillment of the conditions for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Ruth Williamson, College '21, writes of her happiness in being awarded full junior standing in the University of Indiana. She is pledged to the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority.

Marion Le Bron, College '17-'18, spent a day with friends at the School in September.

Esther Williams Campbell, College '19, resides in St. Louis, Mo., where her husband is completing his work in medicine. Mrs. Campbell who was graduated in June from Simmons College, Boston, is now engaged in social service work for Washington University in the Prenatal Department. Her work takes her into homes and wards of hospitals in the morning, and into clinics in the afternoon.

Marian Powell, '21, is traveling with friends in the South.

Ruth Stellhorn, College '18, teaches Domestic Arts in the public schools of Ann Arbor, Michigan, but plans to enter The University of Chicago at the opening of the summer quarter to complete her college course.

Margaret Middelkauff, '13, has completed her law course and has applied for admission to the bar, in the state of Illinois.

Emma Wyler, '20-'21, is in school at Gambier, Ohio, this year.

Enid Wicher, '20, is teaching at Earleville, Ill. Jeannette Patterson,

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College '18, at Warren, Ill., Ruth Chiverton, College '18, in the grades in Dixon, Alice King, College '21, at Keithsburg, and Mildred Walker and Martha Walker at Corydon, Ia.

An interesting letter of inquiry has been received from H. H. Sipe of Vermillion, South Dakota, who attended school here just after the Civil War and who wishes to know of the whereabouts of some of the teachers and students at that time.

Ruth Earhart Couch, '10-'11, is now living in Omaha, 2556 Marcy Street. She says that she chanced to meet Ruth Baum Stryker at a Luncheon, and they thoroughly enjoyed reviewing days at Frances Shimer.

Lodema Fitzwater, '13-'14, is now Mrs. F. C. Ellis, and lives in Twin Falls, Idaho. She has two small sons.

Mary Fishburn, '17, College '19, is teaching Piano, Harmony, Theory and History of Music in the Mississippi Women's College at Hattiesburg, Miss.

Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, sends an attractive photograph of her two small sons, Owen six and Robert three years old. "Both," she writes, "have red hair, Owen's a little more so than Bobbie's."

Helen Smith, '21, has accepted a position as stenographer in McCook, Nebr.

Florence Moore, '21, will spend the year in Florida.

Marjorie Perry, '19-'21, has entered the University of Manitoba, at Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles and Ruth Miles, College '18, are spending the autumn touring in the West.

During the summer greetings came from Mabel Dougherty, College '13, at Plymouth, Mass., en route to Cape Cod. After several years of loyal and efficient service, in June Miss Dougherty resigned her position in Frances Shimer to enter the School of Library Science at the University of Wisconsin.

Alice Keighin, '21, is teaching this year at her home in Kempton, Ill. She writes, "I am suffering from a different kind of homesickness this fall. I have spells of real longing for F. S. S."

Helen Zick, College '21, was married during the summer to Mr. Howard Yount at her home in West Milton, Ohio, where they will reside.

Lorraine Freeman, '21, will continue her work in Art at the Greeley Normal School in Colorado, in preparation for teaching.

The Record extends sincere sympathy to Adaline Hostetter Burquist '99, in the loss of her father, Mr. A. B. Hostetter, who died in October at her home in Duluth. Mr. Hostetter was a student in the School in the early days when it was co-educational. In recent years he has rendered notable service to the agricultural interests of Minnesota.

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Marriages

Dorothy Leslie Wales, '15, to Mr. Richard S. Cutler on Saturday, October 8, 1921, at Winnetka, Illinois. At home 708 Monroe Street, Evanston, Ill.

Frances Marian Warner, Faculty 1920-21, to Mr. Robert Richey Strawn on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1921, at Ludington, Michigan. At home, De Leon, Florida.

Hazel Katherine Platt, Faculty 1920-21, to Mr. Clair Upthegrove on Saturday, July 16, 1921, at Ann Arbor, Michigan. At home after October 1, 1340 Wilmot Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Gladys Mary Bennett, '15, to Mr. Harry Albert, on Saturday, Aug. 13, 1921, at Clinton, Iowa. At home Reinbeck, Iowa.

Lucy Cowen Wimer, '13, to Mr. Glenn Daniel King, on Saturday, Feb. 19, 1921, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Esther Williams, College '19, to Mr. Walter Vaughn Campbell on Thursday, Sept. 15, at Oskaloosa, Iowa. At home 4495 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Helen Huntoon to Capt. Frank Russell Butler, on Thursday, Aug. 11, 1921, at Hollywood, California. At home 1076 Vista der Mar, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Jeanette Hastings, '14, to Dr. Walter John Wiese, on Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1921, at Spencer, Iowa. At home Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eunice Elizabeth Shannon, '18, to Mr. Lloyd Allen Hochlander May 23, 1921. At home after July 1, 2259 Meadowbrook Drive, Vernon Heights, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Cecil Hepner to Mr. Homer Brelsford, on May 18, 1921, in Chicago, Ill. At home Des Moines, Iowa.

Ethel Eldredge to Mr. Winfield Earl Baird on Wednesday, the seventh of September at Chicago. At home, 1406 Jonquil Terrace, Chicago.

Hortense Mandl to Mr. Daniel Katz on June 30, 1921, at Chicago. At home 3946 Pine Grove Avenue, Chicago.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Gaus (Dorothy Taylor '18-'19) a son, Robert Taylor Gaus, on May 18, 1921, at Minneapolis, Minn.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Catlin (Ruth Crocker, '15) a daughter, Carolyn, May 23, 1921, at Decatur, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes, '14) a son, John Parker, August 11, 1921, at New York City.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Baumgartner (Winnifred Inglis, College '16) a daughter, Jean, July 21, 1921, at Hampton, Iowa.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Stone (Julia Cargill, College '16) a daughter, Mary Jane, August 1, 1921, at Mason City, Iowa.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Monnier (Mae Tippet, '17-'18) a daughter, September 11, 1921, at Elizabeth, Ill.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Grobbin (Estelle Sawyer, Faculty 1919-20) a daughter, Winnifred Sawyer, August 13, 1921, at Milwaukee, Wis.

To Mr. and Mrs. Welch (Tryphena Lyon, '17-'18) a daughter, Vivian Virginia, at Dixon. Sept. 1, 1921.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning, October 1921

(Academic Graduates or College girls with advanced standing. The latter are marked *)

BELOIT COLLEGE

Willa Von Oven
Elizabeth Foster
*Carlotta Squier
Elizabeth Sayles

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Jane Miles

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Vera Laub
Hila Jalbert

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

*Hertha Fulscher
*Clara Fulscher

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*Helen Bloomer
*Edna Gillogly
Florence Hunt
*Edna Asmus
*Ruth Anderson
*Grace Riddle

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

*Margaret Avery
*Florence Bierring
*Thelma Leone Smith
*Mildred Fitch
Margaret Sayers
*Wilma Murrow
*Iva Dodd
*Iola Runyon

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

*Marion LeBron
*Geneva Van Avery

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA

*Frances Peterson

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Hope Hopkins
*Marion McKee
*Kathryn Priestley

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Gladys Orem

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

*Eleanor Currie
*Mabel Dougherty
*Lola Dynes
*Madge Dynes
*Margaret Knox
*Thelma Fox
*Catherine Mendenhall
*Dorothy Redeker
*Florence Schweizer
Florence Schlieker
*Helen Sherdahl

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Lois Keller
Faith Reichelt
*Marjorie Garvey
*Thelma Olson
*Dorothy Crooke

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA

*Ruth Williamson

DePAUW UNIVERSITY

Mary Holderman

PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Mary Salome Pfleeger

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Naomi Judy

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Priscilla Stohr

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

*Caroline Roland
*Margaret Mather
*Dorothy Huntoon

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

IOWA STATE COLLEGE AT AMES OXFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

*Edna Osborn

*Ida Terry

*Edith Wallis

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

*Sara Ann Brown

Jessie Dodd

*Florence Welty

SIMMONS COLLEGE

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mae Parker

*Eural Moore

SARGENT SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL
EDUCATION

COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF
EXPRESSION

Elanor Swett

*Irene Friend

SMITH COLLEGE

CORNELL COLLEGE

Virginia Carr

*Edith Laucamp

Louise Featherstone

EMERSON COLLEGE OF
ORATORY

Margaret McKee

Marguerite Hall

STEPHENS JUNIOR COLLEGE

Kathrena Williams

Maxine McMahon

GRINNELL COLLEGE

VASSAR COLLEGE

*Veta Baker

Elizabeth Huling

LOMBARD COLLEGE

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN
COLLEGE

*Irene Connoran

*Bertha Paul

LASELL SEMINARY

*Eleanor Beaubien

Helen Chapman

OBERLON COLLEGE

KNOX COLLEGE

Pauline Tripp

*Leah Durkee

FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR
COLLEGE

*Helen Pratt (Conservatory).

MARYVILLE COLLEGE

Genevieve Freeman

*Alice McAnulty

MILWAUKEE NORMAL

Lois Hibbs

Jean Wright

Helen Miller

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Mary Blanchard

Dorothy Woodson

Pearl Kulp

NEBRASKA WESLEYAN

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*Evelyn Hegert

*Veta Thorpe Nebel

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S. J. Campbell, Vice President

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